

FORWARD



Graduation

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TAILOR

for

St. Joseph's College

So simple 'tis to conjugate - - -
The Verb Intransitive 'To wait': - - -
But if you add a final 'E,' - - -
It transitive becomes, you see. - - -
And, as in grammar, so in sense, - - -
The difference is great, immense: - - -
And he who 'waits' his teeth to 'waite,' -
Will find that, to his sorrow great, - - -
His teeth won't 'wait': but, sad to say, -
They very quickly will decay, - - -
Don't wait to 'Waite,' but 'Waite' at once,
For he who 'waits' is but a dunce. - -

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Graduates

You have by your constant encouragements and advices, built up our characters and urged us on along the straight and narrow path of virtue. When we faltered you stimulated us by your counsels; when we fell, you raised us up again. How can we voice to you all our feelings of gratitude? You have largely contributed to make

this day a successful one, and we extend to you the heartiest of WELCOMES.

DEAR ALUMNI

You have by your good examples pointed out to us the right road. We have followed in your footsteps of the past and here we are carrying the first triumphant laurels of life.

FELLOW STUDENTS

For many of you, there is still a long rugged climb, before you reach

the summit of your school career, but let not this discourage you. On the contrary let not time fly past you, but take it by the forelock, and the long ascent will give you an opportunity to pave for yourselves a brilliant future.

PARENTS, TEACHERS, FRIENDS, and all here present, although we, the Graduating Class of '24, have been reduced to such an insignificant number by the recent catastrophe, we nevertheless try to convey to you a very hearty WELCOME.

Valedictory

Charles Remedios

HARMONIZING with the environment.....the joyous and varied cries of happy birds amongst the dense green foliage of the welcoming woods, the droning of the hard working bees flying over the sweet fragrant flowers which blossom on the verdant meadows, the gentle zephyr scattering its agreeable scent around, we express our heartfelt joy on this happy occasion, a true joy mingled with sorrow.

The intense happiness to see ourselves successful at this stage of life is ours, but it is full of dire affliction at the thoughts of parting for "parting gives pain". Which of these emotions will overcome the other? Both are strong, the struggle is passion against passion and both are almost invincible.

Down the stream of life we paddle, passing out of the shallow nooks into deeper and wilder parts. We have to go our way be it rough or smooth.

This day is the start, the individual start, but not helpless and resourceless. We are capable and provisioned to meet our future, dark or fine, with a fearless, confident heart.

You, beloved Alma Mater, have been the place of preparation, and you, dear Director and respected members of the faculty, have accustomed us and instructed us like the unfailing voice of conscience. You have endeavored to make us men, brave men, stalwart, and good, and your labors shall not be wasted.

The door of the mansion has opened and the son of the house must go forth into the world. Like a father you have advised us even to the last moment of our parting on the threshold. Behold, now we go, bidding you farewell but not goodbye, for we shall come to see you and shall think of you often again.

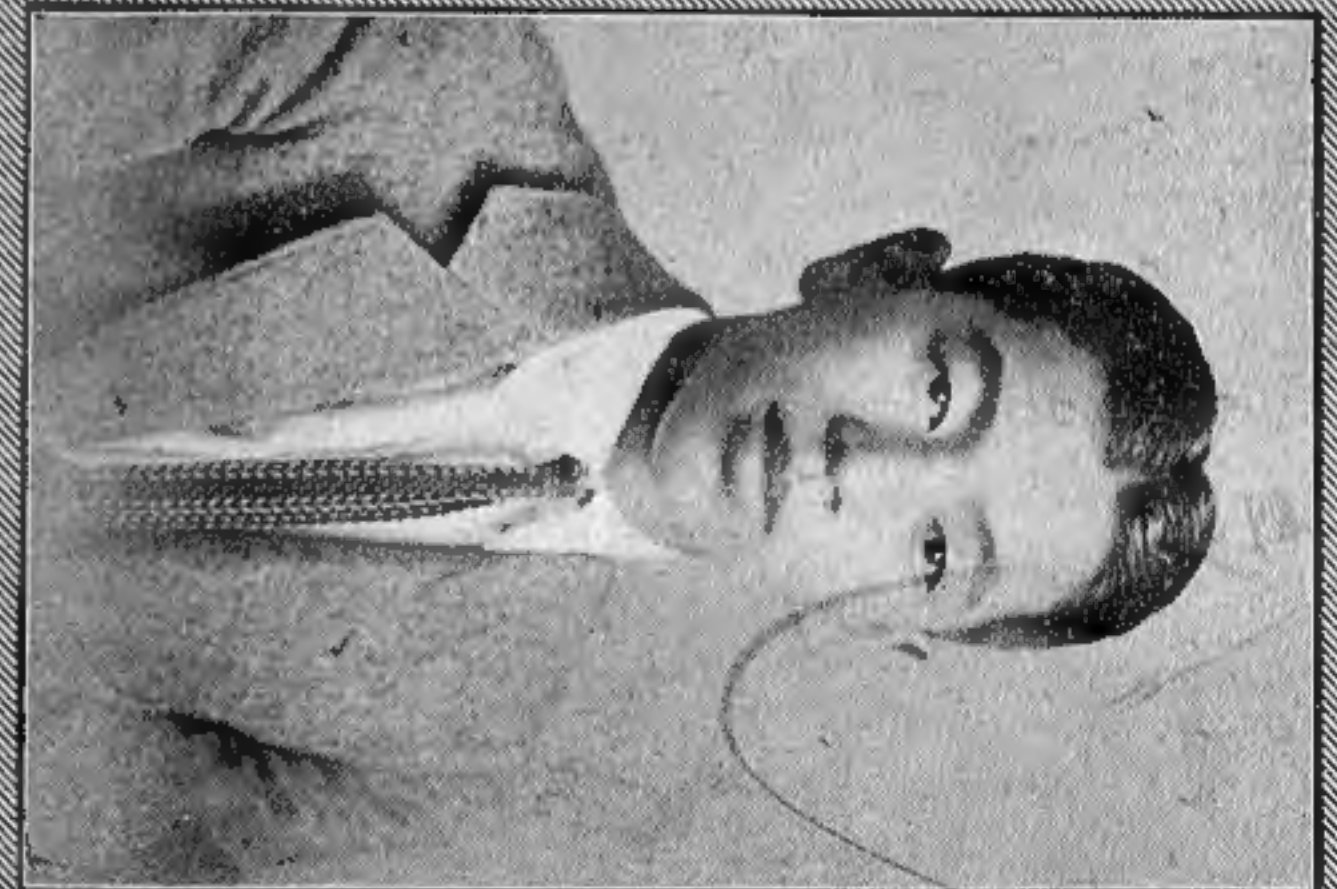
Many happy hours have we spent

ERNEST JUNGERS



GRADUATES 1924

CHARLES REMEDIOS





AS THE ARTIST SEES THEM

together, dear friends, together we have faced life, now stumbling, now falling, then helping each other up we continued. We, to this period have met success and some of you, who have aided us, have still to climb the ladder of education, but "perseverance overcomes all obstacles", so stick to it, fight hard and you will meet with the same result as your predecessors, the almuni.

Friends, the time has come, we must part, but before we leave you, permit us to say a few more words. Youth is a passing show. A day gone will not return. Take what you can of what is given to you by your masters, de bonne grace, and do not turn away

from it for "nothing venture nothing gain."

Life is real and earnest, says Longfellow, so we must not linger, we must strike out with our present equipment and hit the trail, the narrow trail, and keep going on, on it with one view in mind: For God's own glory.

So:

Farewell my friends
Farewell, farewell,
And in our hearts the love for thee
Will always dwell.

And if perchance
It is our lot
To have between us rolling seas
Forget us not.

Uncle Rickney

A d'Aquino '25

"Mummy! Uncle Rickney is coming!"

Mrs. Stanhope turned slightly pale, but was silent. The door opened with a creak and closed with a bang, and Uncle Rickney stood before the mother and son. He had thousands to his credit but unhappily he was just as miserly and grasping as he was rich.

"Mary, this is the last time!" he shouted in a hoarse voice, "I will offer \$650 for the house and lot, but not a cent more!"

"But Jack told me not to sell the property."

"Hang the house! And hang that Jack! You'll be sorry for it some day!"

Darting a savage look of hatred and impatience, he rushed out.

Little Jimmie climbed into his mother's lap, and with one hand around her slender neck, he asked with a childish lisp:

"Mummy, why are you crying? What is the matter?"

"Nothing, Jimmie."

Mrs. Stanhope was gazing sorrowfully across the cool and green meadows, far into the glassy, shimmering ocean, and further away to the faint, misty horizon, where the milky white clouds kissed the emerald waters. Nothing! What bitter tears glistened in her soft eyes! Nothing! What a dreadful falsehood for a mother in answer to her innocent child! Nothing! Little did Jimmie dream of innumerable darts of anguish and despair that had pierced the

loving and devoted heart of his mother!.....

The night was heavy and breathless. Eight o'clock struck; she was rocking in her favorite chair, humming a lullaby to Jimmie, who was sleeping cozily in her arms. Hurried footsteps were heard and a girl clad in a light, brown overcoat came in.

Mrs. Stanhope looked anxious and uneasy.

"Nellie, what has happened? You are late."

Nellie knelt beside her mother and laid an envelope in her hand.

"Mother," there was a strange quiver in her voice, "This is my salary for this week and it is the last one!"

"Nellie!"

"Yes, mother, and I was trying to find work in some other office but they all refused."

Poor mother! If only Jack would come back. Ah! That heavy day when the call of honor and duty separated them, the day when Jack went to fight for England, the day that has burned itself into her brave heart!

Mother and daughter were silent for a few minutes.

"Mother, any news about father?"

"No; the captain of the regiment wrote that every possible inquiry was made without any success."

"And what about Uncle Rickney?"

"He came here five or six times. You see, Nellie, with what you have earned, and what we have saved, together with what Jack left for us, we can get along for a month or two, but what will happen to us after that?"

"Never mind, mother, I'll try to

get some work. Why did father tell us not to sell the house?"

"I do not know," was the doubtful answer. "It must be a grave reason, for, a few weeks before he left, I saw him thinking hard over an old piece of paper, and when I asked what it meant, he answered in a queer voice: 'Mary, this paper is a clue to our future happiness; it concerns ourselves, our home and Uncle Rickney!'"

Day after day, Uncle Rickney rushed in and out, sneering at her poverty, offering a little more each time, always declaring that this was the "last time", but unfailingly returning after each fruitless endeavor.

Weeks passed away, weeks of suffering and torture. The unselfish mother was silently starving herself in order to secure sufficient food for little Jimmie. She grew thin and haggard, pale and weak. One gusty afternoon, Uncle Rickney, as usual, came hastily in, but receiving the patient yet firm refusal, he asked:

"Mary, would you mind if you stay in here whilst I look around a little?"

She looked surprised; there was something peculiar in his eyes and voice and he seemed a little uneasy.

"Look if you wish to," she answered in a bitter tone, "I do not think that there is anything to interest you."

After half an hour of inspection he returned dissatisfied.

"Mary," he said in a gruff voice, "If you do not want to sell the house, I will take it by force!"

"You dare!" cried the mother, pressing her child closer.

"Yes, I dare!" He pulled out a sheet of paper with a red seal. "See here: '.....and therefore we conclude

that Mrs. Stanhope is illegally holding the property. The rightful owner is Mr. Rickney.' See this? Now, will you agree to my terms?"

Uncle Rickney's threats were useless. Mrs. Stanhope's confidence in Jack did not waver.

"No!"

Uncle Rickney turned with a sneer; he blew a whistle and two rough-looking men rushed in.

"Take these two out, and throw their belongings into the yard!"

Old clothes and broken furniture lay piled on the ground. Mrs. Stanhope was weeping silently, and little Jimmie looked on helplessly.

"See what your stubbornness has brought on you?" he yelled. Uncle Rickney shook his stumpy fists in front of Mrs. Stanhope's wet face. "You idiot, you fool, you imbecile..."

Before he could finish, a man dressed in a military uniform darted around the corner. Uncle Rickney was gripped firmly on the shoulder, roughly twisted around, and a blow like the kick of a mule caught him under the chin, and he fell spinning to the ground.

"Jack!"

"Mary!"

Great, indeed, were their feelings of gratitude, of relief and of joy. No words can describe their sentiments, Mr. Stanhope as he gazed at his wife, and Mrs. Stanhope as she stood there with tears of gratitude in her hazel eyes.

"Papa!" Little Jimmie, too, claimed a share of their happiness!

Two policemen came running to the spot.

"Are we late, sir?"

"No," said Mr. Stanhope. "One of you take care of the man," pointing at Uncle Rickney, "and the other remove the stone step in front of that door."

The second policeman, although puzzled, did as he was ordered. Under the stone was a large iron box. With the aid of a hammer, Mr. Stanhope broke open the lid. Precious gems, ornaments of gold, and invaluable varieties of jewels lay brimful! On the top was a piece of paper, yellow with age. He picked it up and read:

"I hereby bequeath all my property to Miss Mary Rickney, my daughter. I have nothing to do with my foster-son Joshua Rickney."

Turning to Uncle Rickney, who was leaning against the first policeman, Mr. Stanhope said in a stern tone:

"I hope you have heard that. Your house, your money and property, all belongs to Mary; you have tried to discover the treasure, and destroy the will, but you have failed miserably. You are guilty of forging a will!"

Uncle Rickney was led away by one of the policemen; he knew that his game was up, and that the shield of justice would protect all the innocent, and that the arm of the law would punish all the guilty.

"Now," said Mr. Stanhope, turning to the other policeman, "tell my wife what I really am."

"Lieutenant Stanhope of the Royal Infantry."

"Lieutenant Stanhope!" repeated Mary, dreamily, looking at Jack.

"I have done my duty, Mary, and now I return with honor and glory."

The Miracle

Ed. Gomes '25

THE first seed of Christianity planted by St. Francis Xavier of the Society of Jesus bloomed forth in all its beauty and magnificence, shedding its sweet perfume upon the balmy air of the "Land of the Rising Sun." Day after day the new religion gained adherents even from the Imperial Family.

Then Tokugawa Iyeyasu, the Shogun, ordered the first persecution against the zealous black garbed fathers and their followers in 1573. Christians were put to death and their properties were confiscated by the lord of the district. Though under the envious eyes of the "bonze" and pagan fanatics the Church sailed majestically over the turbulent waters.

Two ladies were wending their way homeward, one of them an elderly lady of about fifty winters while the other was a maiden of twenty summers. They were gems of inestimable price, jewels of the purest light, such as never shone in kingly crowns or queenly diadems. Their great work was to help and console the unfortunate Christians.

"They pass through life uplifting hearts,

They aid a friend, and spare a foe,

A helping hand to all extend
And scatter blessings as they go."

The merry laugh of the girl broke the quiet evening atmosphere. The sun was setting into the depth of

purple and orange. The pines whispered knowingly as if to prognosticate some sad tidings. The babbling rill close by the weeping willow was transformed into molten gold. With the last rays of the ebbing day the two figures disappeared in the darkness.

When Countess Hidekata arrived at her mansion she was informed by her attendants that several "samurai" were waiting for her ladyship. She at once perceived their mission. Calling her daughter Maria and sliding the artistic "karakami" they entered the room with steady and graceful step.

In the hall were seated five warriors nervously fidgeting the tassel on the sword. The candle light produced grotesque shadows on the gray plastered wall. Both the countess and her daughter wore a calm and gentle countenance. The leader of the party delivered the message ending with these words, "Dost thou profess the Christian religion?"—Intense silence reigned only to be broken by the sweet and melodious voice of Maria, "Yes, my good sir, we are followers of Christ". These words uttered from the pure heart of the maiden cast a spell upon the soldiers. Then remembering the orders, the leader became serious; knitting and slanting his dark brows, his eyes shining in a malicious manner, biting his thin lips and cursing under his hot breath all the gods of Japan for

being influenced by the spur of the moment, said in a high shrill voice like that of the cry of the hyena when it finds some easy prey to play with: "Then come along with us, we'll take you where other Christians are!"

* * *

The persecution had become universal and many were the victims. The hills of Nagasaki became centers of diabolical torture. Ah! unworthy pagans, persecution strengthens religion instead of annihilating it.

Guarded by soldiers, the Christians marched to the Northern hill outside the city gate. The victims were tied to the stake rudely made into a cross. The eyes of all the spectators were turned toward Maria. Her ebony black tresses fell down her back in disorder, and under her well arched eyebrows two large glistening almond eyes, real mirrors of her innocent soul, were gazing heavenward. A heavenly charm rested on her countenance and a smile of the "purest ray serene" played about her ruby lips, while she repeated in her heart the words of Christ "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." (St. Matthew 5-10.)

Behind the cross stood the captain of the guards dressed in richly brocaded armour. He tried to persuade the maiden to apostatize to save her young life. But she, closing her delicate ears against the voice of her tempter, burst forth into the triumphant song of the Church "Te Deum".

Soon she was joined by the other Christians. The general was stunned. Just then the rays of the rising sun quitting its purple and crimson couch, reflected against the silver cross hanging from the neck of Maria Hidekata giving a bright halo around the figure of Christ, also upon the golden chrysanthemum, on the breast plate of the armour of the old samurai. There the two marks shone in the sunlight, the cross and the chrysanthemum. Recovering from the shock, he quickly ordered the executioners to light the fire.

Great volumes of smoke rose up nearly stifling the victims, but fanned by the north wind, tongues of hungry flames leaped in the air accompanied with crackling and roaring sounds. The spectators gradually retreated from the fire, while on the other hand the Christians encouraged each other to be firm to the end.

Suddenly a dark cloud gathered and in a few seconds rain fell in torrents quenching the fire. The pagans were astonished at this astounding spectacle, indeed the miracle was the cause of the conversion of the people. The near martyrs were taken down from the cross, none of them having sustained the slightest injuries. Here and there fathers, mothers, brothers sisters, and friends embraced each other, praising God for the timely miracle. Tears like pearls glistened on the satin cheeks of Maria, tears of joy, in seeing the whole multitude of her own countrymen embracing the Christian religion.

The Scientist's Secret

E. Jungers

HENRY Rawlinson, an American scientist of remarkable abilities, desiring to secure peace and tranquility for his inventive mind, left his native country and sought refuge in a remote region of Japan.

His dwelling was far from the noises and rumblings of traffic and far from the rolling, undulating sea. It lay nestled in a quiet verdant valley, separated from civilization by the ranges of mountains around it and surrounded only by a few scattered cottages, the homes of the inhabitants of a little village.

Day after day this learned man worked at a certain idea which had dawned in his clever mind, and which he was sure would be a success. Weeks and months he labored perseveringly to attain his lofty goal, without even giving a thought to his financial conditions. The day however arrived when he discovered that his funds had run out, leaving him without any means to continue with his promising theories.

Much against his will and pride, he set forth to get some aid from his neighbors, giving them a hint of his ideas, but was met everywhere with the same, cruel words "He is turning insane." Finally finding no other resources left to him, he wrote a letter of appeal to the United States Research Society.

A month of anxious, impatient days followed; when the answer arrived it brought with it, a generous check.

With the assistance of this, he resumed his noble work with even greater zeal. Then came three weeks of restless, uneasy days; the days before the great discovery.

One fine evening, the end of a beautiful August day, when the majestic fiery sphere was just setting over the western horizon giving a tinge of vermilion and orange to the rolling clouds and ethereal skies, the scientist could be seen, nervously looking at a plan of his idea which lay on a large table in the laboratory.

All at once, as if suddenly inspired he rushed towards a box in the corner of the room and opening the lid he produced a step-up transformer, with which he soon disappeared from the room into the garden. Then bringing forth a ladder, he leaned it against a telegraph pole whose wires led to his house and mounting it he adjusted the transformer in its right place. Two insulated wires he brought down which were connected to the instrument on the pole, which he led through a window into his laboratory. Then returning to his apartment, he attached at the end of these wires a telephone transmitter of extra high resistance. Next stepping up to the electric switch, he completed the circuit. There was a flicker of light seen in the bulb, then it went out. The filaments in it were not able to resist the high voltage of the current and had been all cut.

With a smile on his face, the scientist took up the transmitter and began

JULY, 1924.

to speak into it. Then from somewhere in the room, came the echo of all he said. It was from the bulb. The broken filaments were seen to vibrate and sparks passed between the broken pieces. The vibrations corresponded with those of the diaphragm of the transmitter, thus producing the echo.

A shriek of joy escaped the man's lips, he dropped the transmitter and began to dance about the room. The shock had been too much; he was insane.

That same night, dark, grey clouds rolled between the earth and the starry sky. Rain began to pour down heavily and an awful tempest arose. The night was a striking contrast to the ideal day which it followed.

The crazy man, a diabolical cunning written on his face, and a dangerous glitter in his eyes was sitting moodily on a chair in the laboratory. Then suddenly rising from his seat and clenching his fists he cried "Revenge"

With this single exclamation, uttered in a voice full of hatred, he left the room and in spite of the raging storm he ventured out into the open and went straight to the pole on which the transformer was attached. His maniacal mind had planned a scheme of vengeance against those who had not aided him in the hour of need. Mounting the ladder which was still there, he took down the transformer and with it in one hand and the ladder in the other, he proceeded towards the main pole of the village; the pole to which all the wires to the different cottages were attached. Climbing the ladder again, he fixed the transformer. Again he connected two insulated

wires, whose ends he held in his hand when he came down and to which when reaching home, he adjusted the transmitter.

During all the time that the crazy scientist was fixing the transformer to the pole the lights in the neighboring houses went out. When he had made the proper connections, all the bulbs gave a flicker and died out. The people thinking that these things were caused by the storm, did not mind it until a deep ghostly voice greeted them from the darkness and they saw sparks pass through the bulbs. They could not make out what the voice said but they thought that they heard a few indistinguishable words, then a cackling laugh.

These unearthly manifestations however were enough for the superstitious folks. They rushed out of their dwellings and gladly faced the rain and wind rather than remain in the proximity of the mysterious voice and sparks.

The next day there was a great gathering in the village, to discuss about the happenings of the night before. Puzzled faces, mingled with fear could be seen all around, and excited voices were heard everywhere. Suddenly there came silence over all. The mayor was coming. He was a man of fairly good education and by the way he strutted along, there could be no doubt that he had something of importance to tell. Stopping in front of the multitude, he said in a dignified voice "You are undoubtedly all speaking about the different events which occurred last night. If you want to find the author of all this mischief you should take my advice and go

and see Mr. Rawlinson because....."

The people did not wait for any more advices or reasons. They rushed off in all haste to the scientist's dwelling. They found him sitting on the doorstep whistling like a little child, which was very different from his usual serious habits. In front of him lay a pile of ashes; the remains of the plan of his invention.

Even the ignorant peasants guessed

that the man was insane, and conveyed him to a hospital. He was, time after time, in this place pressed to disclose his secret but he always said "I will not help those that did not help me." He wanted to reward the U.S.R.S. for their kindness by giving them his secret free, but he died before being able to do so, and the secret went down together with him into the grave, and it still is a secret.

The Singing Stone

S. Shaw, '25

IT was in the Ming dynasty when the guiding hand of the empire led the country into the seas of ruin. Then the poor were down trodden and the greedy rulers poured into their bottomless coffers the shining yellow gold stolen from the nation.

In the country, living among the peaceful sons of the earth, was a highly cultured young man by the name of Chang. He loved to stay with the rude, rough but honest hearted toilers who knew not the powers of wealth; he loved to stay among the scenes that Nature had modeled, the scenes that yet were not tarnished by advancing mankind.

Overcome by thirst he one day knelt down by the side of a clear cool spring that bubbled invitingly among the verdant grass and flowers that bordered its sides.

Upon the sandy bed of the streamlet lay several stones of a beautiful translucent color, but one there was, so lovely that he could not but take it home with him.

In the evening as familiar scenes

became blurred and indistinct he idly took out the stone from its hiding place in his yisun.

Suddenly as the yellow crescent of the moon rose above the trees sweet sounds issued from the stone, sweet sounds of tinkling bells and silver toned trumpets. Enraptured he listened to the bewitching music, now rising, now falling, sounds of the nightingale as it trills to its listening mate, sounds of harp and lute played by one whose spirit never before existed on our earth. There he sat not minding the chill of the night, listening to its celestial tunes, until the first grey streaks of dawn; then the music stopped.

Reluctantly he put the stone away, reluctantly he went about his daily duties, but when the moon rose in her majestic beauty and all nature was hushed the stone played for him, played the new lyrics which he so loved.

Haggard was his countenance, heavy were his eyelids as night after night he neglected his sleep. More quiet,

more dreamy did the melodies become, more mysterious also till in the slumber he so needed he lost all consciousness of his musical visitation.

Rumors spread; rumors of the marvelous stone reached the court of the emperor. Chang was summoned to appear with his singing stone, but when the princely train that was

to take him there, arrived at his humble abode he was gone; gone with his precious jewel, gone far away from the ken of man.

Peasants returning from distant trips into the wilds tell to this day tales of music, enchanting music, beautiful, bewitching.

* * *

FRANÇAIS

Une ruse de Caucasiens

I. Volkoff, '25

En 1877, les peuples de la Caucase s'étaient alliés aux Russes dans la guerre que ces derniers faisaient aux Turcs.

Voici une ruse d'un soldat caucasien qui m'a été rapportée par un témoin oculaire, un officier de l'armée russe chargé, pendant les opérations, du commandement d'un détachement de tirailleurs caucasiens.

"Un jour, raconta-t-il, je fus envoyé en reconnaissance avec quarante de mes hommes.

"Nous quittons les tranchées, et marchons plus de deux lieues sans être observés par l'ennemi. Arrivés au pied d'une colline, nous nous séparons en deux groupes, dont l'un se dirige vers la gauche en longeant la colline, tandis que l'autre, sous mes ordres, essaye de pousser tout droit en franchissant la colline. Nous montons, atteignons le sommet sans rencontrer de résistance. Mais le reste du trajet devait nous réserver quelque surprise, car à peine avons-nous effec-

tué la moitié de la descente qu'un de mes hommes me fait remarquer que nous sommes aperçus par l'ennemi. Et en effet un instant après, les Turcs commencent à tirer sur nous.

"Je propose d'attaquer l'ennemi, qui ne nous paraissait guère supérieur en nombre; mais un de mes Caucasiens s'approche de moi, disant: "Attendez, nous allons leur jouer un tour qui les perdra."

Sur son avis, nous continuons notre descente, et, à la faveur des hautes herbes qui nous soustrayent à la vue des Turcs, nous atteignons un fossé au pied de la colline, à cent pas de l'ennemi. En toute hâte nous nous installons dans cette tranchée naturelle, et l'ennemi, nous ayant perdus complètement de vue, ne tarde pas à cesser le feu.

"Voici, mes amis, ce que vous allez faire, dit alors celui de mes tirailleurs qui avait déconseillé une attaque ouverte. Pendant que je vais surveiller l'ennemi, vous allez prendre

chacun un bâton de deux mètres de long, au bout duquel vous fixerez votre chapeau. Quand tous seront prêts, vous lèverez vos bâtons assez haut pour que l'ennemi puisse voir les chapeaux rouges."

"Cet ordre fut exécuté à la lettre. Lorsque les Turcs aperçurent les coiffures, ils ouvrirent le feu. On les

laissa faire pendant quelques instants. Mais dès que mes hommes se sentaient sûrs que les fusils de l'ennemi étaient vides, ils sautèrent hors du fossé et coururent sur les Turcs en déchargeant leurs armes. En un moment les ennemis, pris au dépourvu, furent tués ou fait prisonniers. La ruse de notre brave soldat avait réussi à merveille."

Beau trait de reconnaissance

A d'Aquino, '25

Monsieur Gérard était un des hommes les plus influents et les plus respectés de la ville de X. où il était connu surtout par son honnêteté et sa charité. Aucun pauvre ne fit sa connaissance sans éprouver les effets de sa générosité.

Un soir, en rentrant chez lui, il rencontra sur son chemin un pauvre enfant, d'une douzaine d'années, dont l'extérieur affaibli et misérable excitait vivement sa pitié.

"Tiens, mon cher petit, prends cela", dit Mr. Gérard aimablement, en tendant à l'enfant une pièce d'argent, "tiens, va t'acheter quelque chose à manger."

"Merci, monsieur, répondit l'enfant avec un timide sourire, merci mille fois et que Dieu vous le rende!"

Bien des années se passèrent depuis ce touchant incident et Mr. Gérard était devenu un faible vieillard. Il logeait avec son fils qui occupait une honorable position dans sa ville natale.

Un jour pendant qu'il se promenait dans un bois solitaire, il fut attaqué à l'improviste par un voleur. Une lutte corps à corps s'engagea, dans

laquelle le pauvre vieillard, à cause de son âge avancé, ne tarda pas à avoir le dessous. Il fut sur le point de céder, quand, tout à coup, un jeune homme solidement bâti, arriva de je ne sais où, et se jeta sur le lâche agresseur, qui prit aussitôt la fuite.

"Merci, brave jeune homme, merci!" s'écria M. Gérard, encore tremblant sous le coup de l'émotion, quoique maintenant entièrement rassuré.—

"Ce n'est rien, monsieur, dit son sauveur; je viens simplement de payer une dette que depuis longtemps j'ai contractée à votre égard, et je ne suis que trop heureux d'avoir trouvé l'occasion de m'en acquitter." Et comme le vieillard paraissait étonné, "Vous souvenez-vous, continua le noble jeune homme, du jour où, fatigué et affamé, je fus secouru par votre aumône? A beau jeu, beau retour! monsieur." Cela dit, il serra la main du vieillard et s'éloigna, accompagné des souhaits de ce dernier.

Apprenons, de cet exemple, à nous souvenir des moindres bienfaits. Chacun doit être reconnaissant, vous aussi bien que moi. Si quelqu'un

nous accorde un bienfait, nous devons lui en savoir gré. Si nous recevons une parole aimable et encourageante, remboursons-la par une autre plus aimable. Si nous sommes l'objet des faveurs de quelqu'un, payons-le de retour par notre générosité et notre dévouement.

Ouvrons donc largement notre cœur à la reconnaissance. C'est l'un des plus beaux ornements du cœur humain. Par contre, ayons horreur du vice opposé, car comme dit un illustre poète:

"L'ingratitude est plus à craindre que le poignard d'un traître."

Un mauvais tour qui entraîne de terribles conséquences

M. Agafuroff, '25

Deux jeunes gens, que liait depuis longtemps une amitié intime, passèrent un soir devant une maison solitaire, située dans un faubourg d'une ville populeuse.

L'un d'eux, nommé Jacques, se tourna vers son compagnon et lui dit: "Vois-tu cette maison? Eh bien! j'ai entendu dire qu'elle est hantée.—Bah! tu es bien sot si tu le crois," répondit Jean, son ami, en riant; pour moi, on ne me fera jamais croire qu'il y a des revenants.—Tu parleras autrement, continua Jacques, essayant, bien qu'avec peine, de paraître sérieux, quand l'un des esprits qui hantent ce lieu se présentera à toi.—Eh bien! dit l'autre, pour te montrer que toutes ces histoires de revenants sont des inventions pour effrayer les gens naïfs et crédules, je vais dormir une nuit dans cette maison. Tu verras qu'il ne m'arrivera rien de mal.—Bien, dit Jacques, d'un air de fine moquerie, fais toujours.

Le lendemain soir, à la tombée de la nuit, Jean, fidèle à sa promesse, se trouva à la maison en question avec l'intention d'y passer la nuit. Comme

elle n'était pas meublée, notre héros s'installa tant bien que mal sur le plancher, dans le coin d'une chambre. Pour se prémunir contre toute éventualité, il s'était muni d'un pistolet, car, pensa-t-il, des farceurs ou des gens mal intentionnés pourraient bien venir la nuit, occuper la maison pour s'y amuser à jouer les revenants et ainsi effrayer les gens du voisinage.

Deux heures se passèrent dans le calme le plus parfait. Il est onze heures du soir. Tout à coup, la porte s'ouvre et une forme toute blanche entre dans l'appartement sans faire le moindre bruit. Jean, la voyant s'avancer lentement vers lui, demande à haute voix mais avec le plus grand calme: "Qui es-tu?" Pas de réponse. Jean répète la même question une deuxième, puis une troisième fois sans plus de succès. Loin d'être intimidé par ces questions répétées et le ton menaçant qui les caractérisait, l'étrange apparition continua à s'approcher de Jean. Lorsqu'elle se trouva à 2 ou 3 pas de lui, ce dernier fut subitement pris d'une invincible terreur, et saisissant son

pistolet, le déchargea sur le revenant. Au même instant celui-ci s'affaissa par terre avec une cri terrifiant. Promptement Jean fait de la lumière, et se croyant toujours victime d'une mystification, se baisse pour examiner la forme prosternée.

O horreur! dans le prétendu revenant, il reconnaît Jacques, son meilleur ami, qui avait voulu jouer un tour à Jean. Longtemps il contemple, con-

sterné et presque hors de lui même, son pauvre ami, qui maintenant gisait là devant lui, sans mouvement et sans vie. La balle lui avait traversé le coeur et entraîné une mort presque instantanée. Apprenons, de ce terrible accident, à ne jamais jouer de tour, quelque innocent qu'il paraisse, sans avoir réfléchi aux terribles conséquences qu'il peut entraîner.

* * *

POETRY

THE VOICE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

'Midst tender hues of vernal shades,
It murmurs day by day;
'Midst smiling hills and beaming glades
Where willows softly sway:
With spring tide's fragrance and delight
It calls in accents mild:
"Remember me, and do the right,
My dear, beloved child!"

'Midst brilliant hues of summer's gleams,
In dazzling sunlight rays,
It whispers in our thoughtless dreams,
In fancies' fickle ways;
From far within the woodlands bright
It echoes sweet and mild:
"Remember me, and do the right,
My good, beloved child!"

'Midst glowing hues of autumn days,
Its glorious tho'ts unfold!
On streaming sunbeams, amber rays,
Of yellow, and of gold!
In glitt'ring splendor, glist'ning light,
A Voice that murmurs mild:
"Remember me, and do the right,
My kind, beloved child!"

'Midst milky hues of Christmas snow,
It still repeats its call,
To make us think of Christ, and know
The greatest Gift of all!
Those crispy flakes of snowy white,
Reflect the tho'ts so mild:
"Remember me, and do the right,
My sweet, beloved child!"

'Midst happy smiles and sparkling tears,
It brings a ray of love;
From months to months, from years to years,
It speaks of Her above.
A Voice, that lingers day and night,
Is calling sweet and mild:
"Remember me, and do the right,
My own, beloved child!"

A. d'Aquino '25.

THE HOPELESS CASE

One by one, they've fallen fast,
Those scanty locks of gold;
If for a month this thing will last
I'll be completely bald.

But where there is a will, they quote,
There always is a way;
So surely there's some antidote
That would make them to stay.

I've tried a lot of tonics strong
And hair restorers too,
But Fortune frowned at me so long
That now I've got no queue.

I still am rather young, I think,
Just fifty summers old;
And not a hair is left, just think
Was such a sad tale told.

But just the other day I met
A Bolshevik, a friend;
His vegetation's thickly set,
I couldn't comprehend

For he was once as bald as me,
Perhaps as hopeless too.
So I inquired candidly,
If he used paste or glue.

He smiled and whispered soft to me:
"Just be a Bolshevik,
And then you'll find yourself like me,
With hair and beard quite thick."

I thus became one, but I fear
It will not make it grow,
I'm e'en in Russia for the year,
But hopes are always low.

C. Remedios '24

SPRING

Past are the days when the autumn's gold
Smiled on the face of the drooping leaves.
Gone are the days when winter's cold
Slept on the graves of the fallen leaves.

Far in the land where the sunrays beam
Bright as a gleam of a crown of gold,
There is the land where the mountain stream,
Sings on the glades of the days of old.

Green are the leaves where the breezes blow
Down in the woods on the verdant glades.
Green is the grass where the pinetrees grow
Green where they grow in the woodland shades.

M. Fatchman '25.

FIDELITY

All our trials will soon be over,
Courage, brother, weary not.
Toil and labour on forever,
Failure's not ordained our lot.

When at last, the strife is over,
At His feet, our deeds we'll lay,
To be judged if we were faithful
Upon life's dark and lonesome way.

L. Cox '25

A STARRY NIGHT

The sky did seem a pretty sight
With all its stars, so small and bright.
They twinkled softly on the earth
And cast their smiles of joy and mirth.

These little stars, so far and high
Gave cause to many a "How and why,"
Mysterious little things are they,
So bright at night, but lost by day.

F. Schirmer '28.

REMEMBRANCES

Oh cherished, youthful days of yore,
You're gone, forever gone.
I'll ne'er enjoy your gaieties more,
By time, from me you're torn.

Where is your mirth, your endless mirth
Of weeks and months, e'en years?
They've fled and now's a time of death
A time of grief and tears.

Your beaming face is now to me
A myriad souvenirs.
How quickly would I fly to thee,
But age at me now sneers.

The castles of my childhood days
Which oft on shores I made,
Are now but castles in the haze,
Sweet tho'ts that ne'er will fade.

Bring back, O! Time, those years to me,
The years of bliss and joy:
When I was only two or three,
My mother's little boy

How long must I await thee yet,
Thy merry times to see;
If not on earth, in heaven let
It last eternally.

E. Jungers '24.

FORGOTTEN

Down in a fragrant peaceful vale,
A modest lily grew;
Protected both from snow and hail,
A lovely sight to view.

Forgot to all the universe,
It led its humble life
Amid the verdant pines and firs,
With neither care nor strife

The pretty flower, its head does sway;
The wind its visit pays
To tell its tales of lands away,
Of now and bygone days.

These tho'ts do fill the lily's mind
Whene'er it hears these tales:
"Forgot am I to all mankind,
An exile in the dales."

E. Jungers '24.

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

Those Freshmen days are gone,
'Tis gone, forever gone!
Unveiling High School days,
The sunrise and the dawn.

Oh! Days of Sophomore,
We'll see thee never more!
'Tis gone, forever gone,
The struggle and the war.

The better days are here,
Presenting Junior year;
With wisdom more to gain,
With each advancing year.

Oh! Coming Senior days,
Reflect your silv'ry rays!
And may those joyous tho'ts
Enliven all our ways!

E. Gomes '25

THE PINES

The pines are whisp'ring tales,
The tales of long ago.
They whisper o'er the dales
With voices sweet and low

The leaves, with drowsy gales,
Are drifting like the snow!
And scatter o'er the dales,
Like men that come and go.

The pines are whisp'ring tales,
And cause my heart to glow,
To think that on these vales
We used to live and grow.

The pines are whisp'ring tales,
The tales of land and sea,
And call again from vales
The sweetest memory.

How lonesome are the dales
Where nature's dead and drear!
How quiet are the vales
Since we departed here!

I. Volkoff '25

EVENING BELLS

Sweet evening bells,
Your tolling tells
Of hillside flowers
And sunny hours;
Of reckless joys,
Of playful boys,
In days gone by.

Sweet evening bells,
Your music swells
Across the years,
Thru mist and tears,
A mother's face
A home did grace,
In days gone by.

S. Dresser '26.

THE BROOK

The purple shades of twilight fell
On mountain, woodland, hill and dell.
The sky was dark with sombre hue
And all lay hid in drowsy blue.
Nearby I saw a tiny source
From whence a brooklet wound its course;
Now rippling o'er its stony way,
Now singing songs so glad and gay.
And this, methought, is how our life
Goes on thru worldly woe and strife;
How life begins and onward flows,
Now stops, now curves, then onward flows.

J. Masson '25.

BIOGRAPHY

Charles Remedios.

CHARLIE, better known to the other students as "Chapeau", first saw the light of dawn in Yokohama in the year 1907. He entered S. J. C. when quite a small tot and was admitted into the Baby Class where he learned his A B C from good old Mr. Higli. He was a very quiet boy and seemed very much interested in his studies since his earliest years. He has since become much livelier and even enthusiastic in many of the school events which we so often hold. The S. J. C. has developed him into a studious and decent chap and to satisfy himself on different occasions he has developed a few expressions which he very frequently uses.

Present him with a difficult task and you are sure to hear him say in

a rather vociferous tone "Oh! hang that stuff". Start up an argument and the moment he sees himself victorious you'll hear "What's the matter with you?". Return a thing that belongs to him and he will positively utter the same words "High time by Gosh!".

Judging from this description of him, you might think him to be quite an unpleasant fellow, nevertheless contrary to your expectations he is a pretty sociable bug. He holds the office of Editor of the Literature section of our well known Forward and is the Standard Bearer of the Second ex-Yokohama troop. His ambition seems yet to be obscure, but whatever he will undertake we all hope him the best of success.

Ernest Jungers.

ANSWERS to the name of "Pinkie" he "was" fond of blushing.

Ernest was born in Kobe some time between January and December in the year nineteen hundred and eight. His life before entering St. Joseph's is obscure to us. He entered the third grade and there showed his remarkable intelligence much to the satisfaction of his teachers. In exams he always was amongst the first ones to say nothing of sports.

Pinkie is a quiet chap, never fought, but always argued, never showed his excitement, but was against all unnecessary occasion of it. On the

whole he is a rattling good fellow.

Whenever you tell him something which seems incredible he says: "Eh", then smiling knowingly he continues "Come On" or "Get Out", then an argument will follow as sure as night follows day.

When he was a kid he always had his school uniform on, and Erny looked like a shy cadet with his cute dimples forming whenever his handsome features relaxed into a smile. Nowadays he is a regular gent and likes everything aristocratic.

During his last year at school he captained nearly every game; he is

an all around athlete. (S. J. C. always makes them.) He also was A. S. M. to the Second Ex-Yokohama Troop of Boy Scouts.

His one-weakness is music. For music he would go anywhere. If you would pass his residence at Nakayamate-dori between six to eight in

the evening you could hear him laboriously scraping at his old fiddle. Already you can call him a violinist. Why he has about five violins and a number of music pieces which only an artist could exactly estimate. He is going to a conservatory, and will turn out to be a great musician.

Bayard

The Last Lamp of Chivalry

By John S. Boyd, '19

IT was four hundred years ago when the Chevalier Bayard was killed in battle, and the last great lamp of chivalry was extinguished. His name has survived as an emblem of gallantry, as he well deserved it should. Controversy has never touched him, for his age knew him for what he was.....the paragon of courage and generosity.

Bayard was the reality of Don Quixote's dream. He was a Quixote not born too late, and with heart braced by head and hand. As one reads the "Right Joyous and Pleasant History" so happily bequeathed us by his own "loyal servitor", one thinks of Cervantes only less than one thinks of Malory. His name was Pierre du Terrail, and he came of the older or "scarlet" nobility of Dauphine, being born at the Chateau Bayard perhaps in 1476. He had ancestors killed at Crecy and Poitiers.

A handsome and plucky boy, he was started in life as a page to the Duke of Savoy. This was but a step towards the retinue of Charles VIII.

of France, in whose service he won a precocious fame in the tilting-yard. It was in the great expedition to Italy that his warlike fame arose. At Fornovo he won a standard from the enemy and was knighted. Then he chased a beaten army into Milan until he and they realised that he was the sole pursuer, and he was, of course, taken prisoner. He seems to have so ingenuously seen the humour of the thing that Sforza let him go: "He would have won the whole world by his courtesy."

The "loyal servitor" has some chapters which are perfectly Arthurian, and which there is no reason to think anything but true...his generous dealing with the scurvy Alonso, who afterwards maligned him and was most justly slain; the Franco-Spanish fight of thirteen knights a side, in which Bayard wrested victory out of defeat; the handsome treatment of an enemy lady and her two daughters.

"Sans peur et sans reproche"...the "servitor's" happy epitaph...was confirmed by the whole warlike world on

the warrior who lies buried in Grenoble Cathedral. His death came in an effort to retrieve the errors of a superior.

"His end was the most beautiful that I have ever heard of", wrote one of the enemy commanders in whose midst he expired. He had once prayed in illness that he might not "expire like a girl in my bed." Now, "having never turned my back to the enemy", he made them set him against

a tree-trunk, and sent a farewell to his King: "Say how much it troubles me that I can render him no further service".

The renegade Constable of Bourbon tendered, with the rest, his respectful sympathy. "Grieve not for me," was the answer, "but for yourself fighting against your King and country." So Bayard died, and one long chapter of human idealism was ended.

EDITORIAL

Vacations

Rev. George Meininger.

NOW that our goldfish are quitting us for limbo we might as well turn our minds on vacation. Will anybody dare to tell us what it is? Philosophers, those men who know nearly everything, may also know the ins and outs of vacation but the philosophy of vacation, a shadow without substance, can hardly interest a College "Stude" who does not like philosophy, yet who likes vacation very very much. And still, while Mr. Philosopher is wrong if he never takes a vacation, Mr. Stude is not altogether right in not working out a safe theory on this head.

Anyhow, considering this common thing with our thinking-caps on, we must say that there is a lot in vacation despite the fact that people most often get so little out of it. There is a right view of the matter and a wrong one. A prominent business man once gave utterance to his view by saying "I can do my year's work

in eleven months whereas I could never succeed doing it in twelve." Vacation then must answer a real need of both the mind and matter of a man or else it has no *raison d'être*. Laziness, bolstered up by all sorts of pretexts to get away from one's daily hard work, to get away as often as a pretext can be "put over" can by no means fall under our subject. Call that vacation and you can come to do well nigh nothing all your life.

Continuing with the thinking-cap still on, we might recall that the essence of vacation is *change* and not that "absence of occupation which is not rest." The wrong view of vacation is precisely this *dolce far niente* view because should one pass his vacation in blank idleness he would, I fancy, soon need a vacation from his vacation. No, we ought to use-not lose-the time of our vacation; a remark specially applicable to stu-

dents since we can indeed vacate, for the time being, our occupations, where as it would be a sheer loss to vacate our minds. John Ruskin, who entertained quite serious views about young men and the golden seed time of the youth is the author of the significant line, "Mental rest is mental rust." That gives the other element in the correct attitude towards vacation. If you are looking for a bookful on Ruskin's aphorism get hold of Dr. T. Foster's "Should Students Study?" And learn for yourself the perversions of undecerned, badly managed vacations.

Now off with the thinking-cap to go more unhampered and because we hardly need it to tell one another what we already know too well. Vacations are divided into two classes: short ones and long ones. These later are like angel's visits-few and far between; and that is why when one comes along we risk, from unfamiliarity with so rare an acquaintance to conduct ourselves badly. The typical short vacation is the week end; it provides us with a basis of distinction between the two classes of vacation, the short being the one that ends the week, the long being the one that (and we will not have it otherwise) does not end in a week. The short vacation sometimes goes by the name holiday when, losing count or somehow getting things

mixed, it forges ahead to the week's beginning or middle or between both. Now such a thing is very inconvenient yet nobody is brave enough to admit it so that the short vacation, even when it is badly out of place, always has its way.

Some folks reckon Sunday in with the short vacation but there's where I draw the line and without fear of being stigmatized as a Puritan. From the very beginning the Lord's Day was never meant to be a vacation period, in the modern sense of vacation, but a day of rest. It is a day to be sanctified and the vacation mood badly adapts itself to this lofty task. We might venture to say just because it is true, that in every vacation whether short or long, there must be a Sunday element because vacation without God must, by the very force of things, be an unhappy failure. Look around a little bit in your Holy Bible to find the warrant for that statement. You might also look into the lives of some people who are generally unhappy-their cloudy faces indicate it-and you will find the root of their misery in their holidays and other days without God.

The rank and file of us hardly need more vacation since custom has allotted us a good share; what we rather need is a better understanding of the big reason for vacation and the application of it.

The Youth in Japan

By An Old Boy.

MANY a lad in Japan has left himself, at one time or another, pitied and almost looked down upon by some foreigner or tourist who considers the

young man brought up in the Orient as an inferior. While in a few instances the boy educated in Japan may not be quite up to the mark, lacking, as he does, the opportunities and facilities available to the foreign-bred man, in the majority of cases the foreigner is merely wasting his sympathy as the former has innumerable advantages in his sphere, at least, if not elsewhere.

First of all, his knowledge of the Japanese language alone affords an enormous advantage over foreigners, of which advantage the latter is not always fully appreciative, though often envious, and justly so too. Without a command of the native tongue, how the foreign business man, salesman or others, can hope to carry his idea across is puzzling. Yes, there are interpreters (many of whom are not worthy of the name), but having personally acted as one on frequent occasions, the writer is well aware that these men can seldom adequately express all that they are expected to. With both parties speaking at one time, in their eagerness to make themselves understood, interpreters are naturally compelled to be as brief as possible with the inevitable result that many an important point is left unsaid. And on the other hand, many foreigners, particularly the "newly arrived", seem to take it for granted that just because a Japanese is able to speak a few phrases of English fluently, he has a complete knowledge of the English language. This results in the foreigner speaking most eloquently and emphatically, little realizing that the Japanese would understand him much better if he were to

speak in simple monosyllabic words. It is in this manner that quite a few misunderstandings and disputes arise and it frequently occurs that foreign business men blame the Japanese for breaking faith when, in truth, they themselves are the ones at fault. Needless to say, difficulties of this kind would not arise in the case of the man who is sufficiently acquainted with the native tongue to make himself understood without any trouble.

Besides the question of language, the boy bred in the Orient has a fairly good knowledge of the native characteristics which knowledge is very helpful at times. But the greater advantage lies in his ability to realize the differences the Occidental and Oriental races see in each other. When among Japanese he has the Occidental peculiarities pointed out to him and when with foreigners he has his attention called to those Japanese traits that the foreigner considers odd or striking. While to a foreigner, this knowledge may appear to have little or no practical value, the boy brought up in Japan can profit to a great extent if intelligent application is made of this information.

Then again, the young man of the Orient is at home with the Japanese people and treats them as his equals and respects them, while the foreigner is often apt to consider himself superior, which attitude does not fail to his disadvantage.

Therefore, when one takes all these little points into consideration there is quite a bit to be said in favour of the youth educated in Japan. True enough, he is more or less handicapped for several of the professions, but if

he is going to make a bid for a position in the commerce of Japan, there is absolutely no reason why he should not prove equal, if not superior, to men brought up in their native schools and colleges.

On Choosing a Career

Baron de Babo-Vivenot.

If I had written this little essay six months ago I should have said something that now I would have regretted. For certainly in these few months my theories on the subject of choosing a career have undergone a change both considerable in extent and remarkable in character.

Briefly, my theories are based on the phenomena of heredity and tradition. Everyone will probably concede without further contention that if a person possesses certain qualities to a pronounced degree his children are very likely to inherit them as well. And these same qualities will be found to increase in proportion as they are transmitted to the third, fourth, or later generation. It is therefore obvious that if a boy about to choose his lifework embraces the career pursued by his father or also by his grandfather, he is far more liable to achieve success than if he applied his efforts to a subject, which being strange to his nature will furnish a larger number of difficulties to be overcome and more serious uncongenialities to which he must adapt himself.

Let every ambitious father who has the interest of his children at heart seek therefore to inculcate in their plastic minds the ethical and social principles of his own profession. Let him instruct them in a love and rever-

ence for their future calling, educate them in its aims and its duties and its glories, and strive to elevate them in an atmosphere that redounds in the thoughts and ideals of what will later be their career. Be it the export and import business, or a branch of chemistry, or the law, let the father bequeath the Tradition of his profession to his sons and admonish them likewise to transmit it to their successors.

Tradition! What a stupendous force, what a power for good or evil! Slow and subtle it is, but potent beyond the comprehension of man. Generations are consumed before its effects are perceptible, centuries trickle by in the silent workings of its processes. A religion to those who understand

How much better in the old days when Tradition still reigned supreme, directing the movements of the world and dictating unseconded to the consciences of men. But now the old Tradition has gone. Honour and Right have lost their significance, and in their place a new and unscrupulous monarch has succeeded to the reins of government. In these deplorable times, when the world has advanced in detailed learning but retrograded in principle, Industrialism has a hold on the minds of men which no mean

conspiracy will unseat. Under the new regime "Sweat and scrape and steal what you can, and leave the rest to the devil", has become the byword of the day, men care not for the welfare of their souls, nor for the well-being of their neighbours, if by sacrificing them they can promote their own personal interests. If I am not mistaken it is from China we have the saying, "Do not hesitate to cheat your neighbour if you can do so without being detected," of which the other is but a paraphrase. Can anyone under the circumstances fail to recognize the curse that has befallen the whole race?

To return to the matter discussed

at the commencement of the essay, it is evident that the only means of breaking the evil spell which envelops us is to undermine slowly the flimsy fabric of the present system and at the same time to lay the foundation-stones of a new and lasting structure. A gigantic undertaking, far surpassing all the concepts of imagination, and one not to be completed in a day or a year. It is a gradual work, slowly evolving its processes and achieving success only in the individual consecration of every man, woman, and child. As the pattering raindrop erodes the age-old rock.

Baron de Babo-Vivenot.

ALUMNI

Max Faehmann '25

L. Haum.—He says "Of all the birthday presents I received today I like the Forward the best." At-a-boy! it makes us "smile some" to hear that from a graduate.

F. de Savitch.—is still in the Weimar Sanitarium recovering, yes, but very slowly. Hope to see you pull thru it.

J. Martin.—now in Honolulu writes cheerfully about his work and its possibilities. Keep at it "Jaja" and some day you'll be a boss.

G. de Benneville.—a Junior in the Boston Tech is doing fine along chemical lines. Our best to you George!

G. Weed.—says "The Forward is the one and only magazine I enjoy. It brings back to me the day of pleasure in Yokohama." Fine George, that's what we like to hear and you know it."

C. Van Zandt.—Radio 9EFY member ARRL. We got you—yes—by mail. Van writes from the windy city that he'll soon go to Denver, there to enter the U. of Colorado. Our good old "Radio Bug" is as excited as ever over his pet hobby. Claiborne attributes his advanced position in College to the firm foundation he received while a student in S.J.C.. We know you're right.

Howard, his "kid brother" is getting along nicely at Oak Park High

School. He writes that he is free from History owing to the splendid course given by Father Walter while in our College. He also says that he is two or three years in advance of the class-mates he left in America when coming to Japan a few years ago.

E. Mehta.—is getting along nicely in Parsi High School, India. He's very keen in Boy Scouting and is trying to replace the badges he merited while a scout of the 2YT. Stick to it kid, and be an assistant one day.

J. Poyd.—from his Logie Ayr house writes most interestingly about his research work at Glasgow U. That expert with the racket is the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the Ayrshire Lawn Tennis Association for 1924. Congratulations, Johnny, for the responsible job you're in charge of.

W. Daly.—keeps cheerfully informing us of New York's doings. Your "happy cheerio" is a ray of pleasure coming out of the greatest metropolis of the world.

P. Wallace.—Pete is quite a Tennis Star in Seoul and a dandy hand at writing splendid letters. Our former Assistant Scout Master sends his salutes to the troop. Pete's letter is also signed by the trio of scouts Jim Wilson, Werner and Eitel Baumann.

J. Miller.—writes "Never forget that anything I can do for you in this country is to be considered done."

Now that's a loyal and generous offer from an old boy. Thousand thanks, Joe, we will call later. Thanks also for the true praise of the Forward.

H. Mason.—"Don't forget to send a copy of the Forward to the "City of Dust and Mud", writes Harold. The salesman is busy on the side with sport goods. Give him a trial boys.

L. Horio.—Our "Noppo" is now a Boston lad working and studying. Surely you have a Forward spirit. He desires correspondence with some former boys. His living quarter is situated at 38 Beacon St. Somerville, Mass. Now, all you need to do is to send your address to him and you'll be surprised at his regularity.

G. Jolles.—We congratulate you for the good showing you are making at the U. of Dayton. Besides swinging among the high places in class he is a member of the orchestra and band.

C. Pedersen.—We learn that "Chas" is going at a lively step, so much so that he nearly represents the U. of Dayton on their fast Relay team. Good work Charlie!

T. Worden.—Ted has accompanied his father to Syracuse and will resume his medical studies next September. Make good speed, Ted.

H. Bennett.—Bertie, who at present is in Shimonoseki, will be on his way to America where he will advance himself in the study of oils. America being dry and oily, offers a splendid opportunity to apply lubrica-

tion. Best luck to you Herbert.

T. Fachtmann.—is soon coming on a business voyage to Japan after having stayed in the States for the last few years.

J. Hay.—Our thanks to you "Sho" for the pictorial. It was quite interesting to go thru the book.

Hero Tomeye.—is getting on quite well at the Wells-Fargo Bank &

Union Trust Co. of San Francisco, where he is making a large number of friends.

F. Owston & P. Balden.—are both working on the same farm and seem to like their jobs.

K. Olsen.—we learn that Knut has been elected to represent Norway at the Olympic in Paris. Our fast swimmer declined the honor on account of business duties.

College Chronicle

Louis Cox '25

Meisei's Silver Jubilee—The 19th of May being the 25th anniversary of Meisei Commercial School of Osaka, the High School boys were invited to partake in the celebration. Our boys returned home after having captured second honors in the relay race held between eight Middle Schools. Ad Multos Annos.

A Visit—Father Walter paid us a visit recently to thank us for helping

him in typing his copy for his book on the great earthquake. You are welcome to all the help we can give you Father and may your book be a booming success.

An Entertainment—On Saturday the 24th of May, a musical and theatrical entertainment was given at the Sumiyoshi Yakuba lecture hall. The program follows:

1. Beautiful Evening Star.....School Choir
2. Old Black Joe.....L. Shaw
3. Tro-ca-de-roAgajan—Kawazoo
4. Violin Solo.....E. Jungers
5. The Golden ArrowBy Small Boys

1. Scene.....Robin Hood Outlawed
 2. Scene.....Fifteen Years Later
 3. Scene.....The Golden Arrow
 4. Scene.....Robin to the Rescue
 5. Scene.....Knightly Gratitude
- By Mr. Wm. Abromitis S.M.

* Cast of Characters *

Robin Hood {in youth	G. Mayers
{later	A. Baptista
Captain of the Royal Archers	J. Selles
Sir John Chandos	C. Price
His Son (a page)	R. Price

* Robin Hood's Men *

• Mayers.....Schatzchen.....Banuvar

* The Royal Archers *

Selles.....Fernandez.....Otani

6. Violin SoloE. Jungers
7. Italian SongL. Shaw
8. Beautiful OhioAgajan—Kawazoe
9. Three O'clock in the MorningKawazoe
10. L'Etoile d'OrJ. Selles
11. Jail Birds.....High School Students

* Cast of Characters *

Manager	A. Agajan
Escaped Convicts	J. Masson—E. Gomes
An Artist	S. Kawazoe
A Detective	A. d'Aquino

A Farce in Two Acts

By W. A.

12. Hunter's Song.....School Choir

Our Cartoonist — The Forward wishes to express its pleasure in having as one of its contributors K. Kawazoe who in this issue gives us some side line views of our hopefuls in the cartoon "As Our Artist Sees Them."

The musicians are to be praised for their excellent work not to say anything about the beautiful little drama played by the youngsters, entitled "The Golden Arrow". But the feature of the afternoon was a side-splitting farce given by some High School comedians. The comedy was

a continuous roar from the beginning to the end.

The program was repeated on the following Wednesday by request, for the school children of Sumiyoshi.

A Victory—Our first track and field meet with another school was held against Meisei on the latter's field. The day was a howling success for the S. J. C. athletes as you may judge from the score of 60 to 26 in our favor.

We are expecting to defeat a few more teams before the season is over.

A Dance—A dance, for the benefit of the S. J. C. building fund; was given at the Oriental Hotel on May 31st, under the auspices of Mr. Medina and his dance orchestra, the Serenaders. It was a good success and the sum of ¥ 378. was donated to the College

We are very grateful to Mr. Medina and his collaborators for their valuable assistance.

Our Annual Sport Day—The annual races took place this year on the 4th of June at the Koyo Koyen grounds. Owing to the fine day and the excellent spirit shown by all concerned in the program, the meet proved a successful one. We also wish to thank all those who have helped by their

kind donations.

Sumiyoshi Grounds—Our lack of grounds for athletic purposes has been greatly obliterated by the generous offer of the use of a very spacious field at the Sumiyoshi Primary School.

Cyma—This is the organization of the young men, many old boys among them, that got together the first time last Ascension day. It has its plans well set for doing nicely and all together the things that young men generally do: sport, reading circles, music-making etc. The Cyma and the Forward crowd are most intimate acquaintances and that's why you are invited to look up the Cyma through old friend Forward. More later.

SPORTS

Ed. Gomes '25

St. Joseph's College Cagers Defeat
Kyoto Y. M. C. A.

Saint's basketball team gained their well earned victory of the season by trouncing the Kyoto Y. M. C. A. five to the tune of 17-11. S. J. C. quintet started with a smashing attack in the early part of the play. L. Cox drew first blood for S. J. C. by dropping the pill through the loop twice in succession and followed with another one counted on a free throw. But soon the Y. M. C. A. team managed to even the score on two field goals and on a foul.

A. Dresser at center retaliated the score by two fielders thereby giving the Saints the lead, which they main-

tained to the end of the game and S. Dresser added two more points. The Y quintet ended with two pretty shots thru the loop.

The second half was considerably slower and close guarding of the Blue and White worried the Kyoto loopers to a blank bewilderment until they managed to score another goal. S. J. C. counted four tallies by L. Cox and A. Dresser respectively.

In this game the forwards distinguished themselves by their timely shooting but especially by their sterling floor work. The honors of this game go to the guards for they were the main factor in the victory.

E. Jungers and E. Gomes guards were the bright luminaries of the tilt.

S.J.C.	FG	F	Points
L. Cox	F...	3.....	I..... 7
A. Dresser	C.....	3.....	O..... 6
S. Dresser	F.....	2.....	O..... 4
E. Jungers	G.....	O.....	O..... 0
E. Gomes	G.....	O.....	O..... 0
Grand Total			17

S. J. C. Takes the First Tilt from C. A. : 7-5.

Loose fielding by both teams enabled S.J.C. to register three runs during the stanza while C. A. brought two men across the pan. Capt. Jungers exhibited magnificent control over his benders and mowed down the Academy batters by his speedy shoots. Saints sluggers found the balls once too often and before the 5th inning two men romped home.

Two singles and two errors and Canadians tied the score. During the sixth inning Jungers came back strong, striking out three of the C. A. leading batters on eleven pitched balls.

Then the proverbial lucky seventh came. S. Dresser doubled to the right field bleachers stole third and M. Agafuroff's single brought him home. A passed ball and L. Cox's sizzling double through short secured another tally for us and a lead of two runs which we kept to the end of the game.

The feature of the game was the marvelous pitching of Capt. Jungers; he struck out fourteen batters.

S. J. C. Clinches the Series by Capturing the 2nd Game; 6-5.

Till the 4th inning it was a pitcher's duel. Brilliant pitching and tight fielding was exhibited by both aggregations. In the 4th frame C. A. managed to squeeze in a run. To change the balance we promptly proceeded to retaliate by registering two men. In the 5th we staged a batting rally and aided by Academy's wild throwing put across three tallies. C. A. Secured a tally in the sixth. This time the seventh proved "lucky" for C. A.; they scored two runs.

In the eighth Volkoff weakened and Jungers went on the slab for S. J. C. Unfortunately one more Academy man crossed the pan during the session, tying the score. In our half our catcher first man up led with a walk. Then with a startling fortune he pilfered the 2nd and 3rd stations and when Armstrong, the C. A. catcher missed the third strike on S. Kawazoe he slid across the pentagon with the winning run. Ninth inning passed uneventfully and the series was won by St. Joseph's College.

Inter-Scholastic Relay Meet.

With the curtain drawn over one of the best winter sport seasons for the Blue and White, St. Joseph's added another laurel by placing in a relay carnival for $\frac{1}{2}$ mile hold in Osaka on the Meisei Commercial School grounds.

The fleet quartet comprised of Kawazoe, Volkoff, Guterres and Masson represented S. J. C. in the inter-scholastic relay meet. The first lap was a nip and tuck battle between Kozu and Saints for the first place. The second lap and the third lap Kozu nosed ahead. Masson the speed demon of St. Joseph's getting the baton tried

to overtake the Kozu runner in the final drive down the stretch, he rapidly reduced the lead but breasted the tape a second short.

Blue & White's Victor Over Meisei in Dual Meet.

May 29 St. Joseph's College track team gained one of its sweetest victories by defeating the Bright Star combination with the overwhelming score 67-26.

Throughout the day S. J. C. athletes had the upper hand. The outstanding performances of the day where the 100 yds. dash and $\frac{1}{4}$ mile relay. In the first event the 100 yds., the Saints swept to its first triumph of the meet by placing A. Dresser S. Kawazoe and J. Masson. Time 10 4/5. In the relay Kawazoe with a brilliant start led the course. The men following only lengthened the lead and Masson broke the tape full 50 yds. before his adversary. Time 1-41 1/5. The relay brought the carnival to a brilliant climax; the most disastrous defeat S. J. C. handed to any opposing aggregation.

In other track and field events the Blue and White were very successful. Volkoff was the man that contributed most points, 17 in all; followed closely by A. Dresser 15 points and Kawazoe 11. These three received special medals presented by the Asahi Shimbun.

All our success both in field and track is largely due to Mr. T. Namba the track captain of the Higher Commercial College for his valuable coaching. The FORWARD in the name of our school, faculty, students and athletes take this privilege to

thank Mr. T. Namba for his unfailing assistance rendered to our victorious team.

The Spring Sports 1924.

In spite of our present condition, the annual spring sports which were held on the Koyo Koyen Grounds in Shukugawa proved itself a great success. The ground being rather muddy, the time for the different races could not be compared to those of preceeding years, nevertheless, special mention might be made of the 100 yard dash which was covered in 11 seconds flat by J. Masson. Among the field events, S. Dresser did remarkably well for High Jump by clearing 5 ft 2 in. with ease and I. Volkoff for the Put Shot, which record he nearly tied.

The prizes were awarded to the three contestants who gained the most number of points.

- 1st S. Kawazoe with 27 points
- 2nd I. Volkoff with 22 points
- 3rd S. Dresser with 21 points

The 880 Relay Race.

Seniors & Juniors vs Sophomores and Freshmen

The relay between the Senior-Junior and Sophomore-Freshman, caused a great deal of excitement and interest and was the most important event of the Sport Day.

The first two men had a hard struggle for superiority, and for a time there was great doubt as to who would come in first. The 3rd-4th High man however ended his course, a good yard ahead of his opponent. The second Sophomore-Freshman runner gained on his rival

and passed him, coming in about a yard and a half ahead of the Senior-Junior man. In the third round, the 4th-3rd High runner outran his opponent and came in a yard ahead of him. This distance was kept throughout the fourth round by the Senior-Junior man. Thus did the 4th and 3rd High outrun the 2nd and 1st.

Senior-Junior Team: Sophomore-Freshman Team

J. Masson	S. Kawazoe
I. Volkoff	A. Dresser
M. Agafuroff	H. Walker
E. Jungers	S. Dresser
Time 1 Min. 41 Sec.	

1st Juniors
1st H. Walker; 2nd P. Fehlen;
3rd E. Nielsen
2nd Juniors
1st P. Fehlen; 2nd L. Shaw;
3rd J. Mendonca

The following are the winners of the various minim divisions: 1912 T. Turner; 1913 M. Banuvar; W. Papendieck; 1915 G. Swanson.

Thanks to the following benefactors, the winners of the minim divisions received beautiful prizes.

Benefactors:—Messrs. Oliver & Evans, Joseph Quini, Lane & Crawford Hill & Co., Juchheim, Caudrelier, Central Bakery.

BOY SCOUTING

Scribe Ed. Gomes

Hike to Arima and
Takaradzuka.

On the rather cloudy morning of April 21 a group of scouts accompanied by the Scoutmaster and Fr. Meizinger set out from Mikage.

The going was rough, the mountains steep, but by half past eleven we had reached Arima. By unanimous consent we made Takaradzuka our goal. Halting on the outskirts of Arima we took our meal. When but a quarter of the way the rain descended in torrents and all were wet to the skin. But by the kindness of Mrs. Price and her sons, who received us at their works, we were soon in the best of condition.

Thus ended a day which though marred by rain was enjoyed by all.

Weekly Hikes.

Our Scoutmaster takes two patrols of younger scouts every Wednesday afternoon to the hills to instruct them in woodcraft and other things appropriate to a 100% Boy Scout. On these days the Scouts pass their tests and enjoy real hiking. Many alert Scouts took advantage of these short excursions and have gone higher in Scouting.

Gift from America.

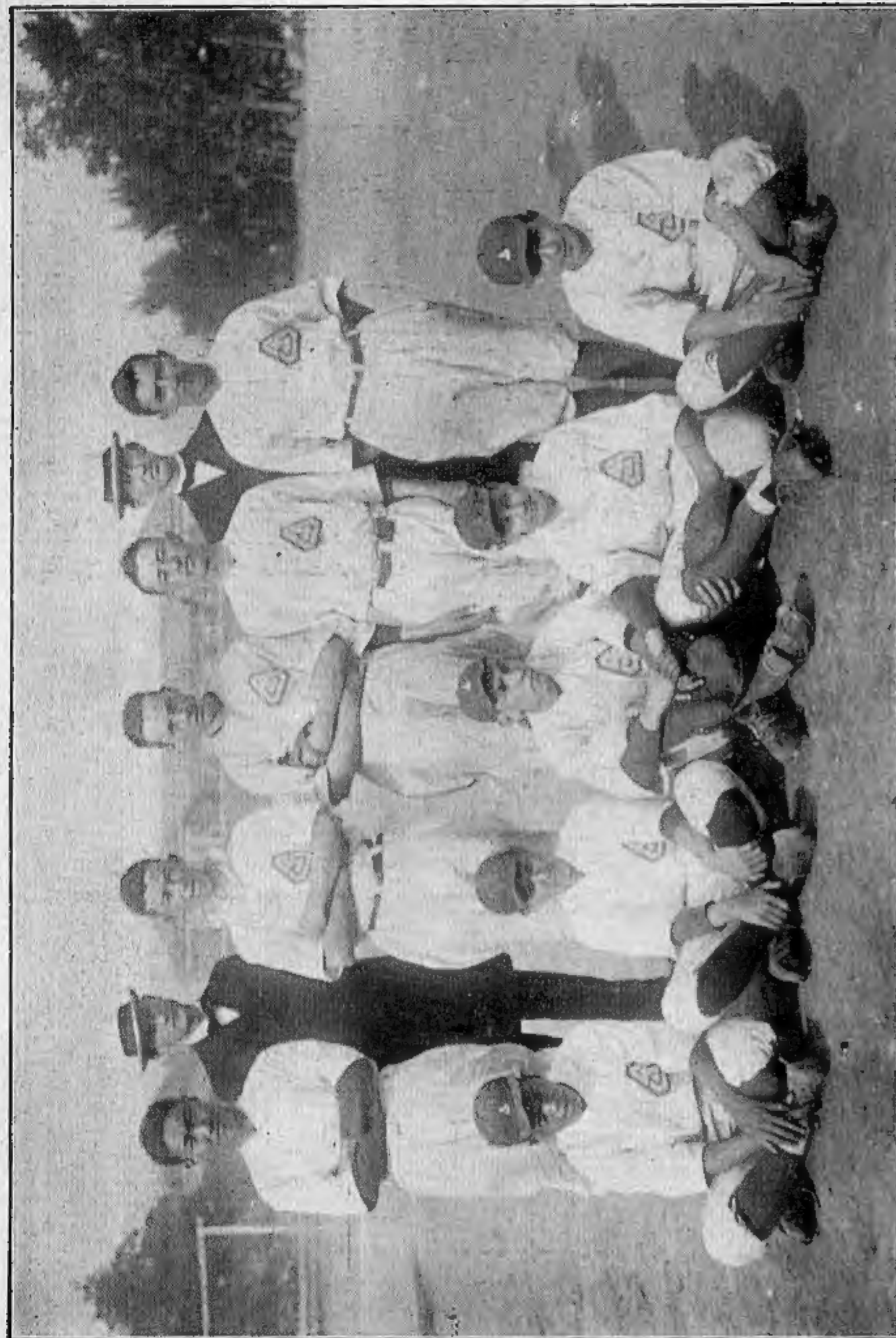
Our Scoutmaster Mr. Joseph F. Janning of the Second Yokohama Troop, temporarily in Kobe received a letter from M. Eller the Director of Troop Service Dept. of B.S.A. informing him that the Scouts in



"THE GOLDEN ARROW"



"THE JAIL BIRDS"



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

America have volunteered to help their brother Scouts of the Orient. They have taken the burden to rig up the troop with uniforms and other necessary paraphernalia. When our Scoutmaster broke the happy news all the faces were lit up with smiles of gratitude. He then proposed three cheers for Mr. Eller and the Scouts of America. The troop gave three lusty hiphurrahs and ended with sending a salute. With the coming fall the refugee spirit in the Troop

will surely vanish, all thru the kindness of Mr. Eller the Director of the Troop Service Dept. Words are inadequate to express our sentiments of gratitude for this timely donation.

With this present goes hand in hand Scout W. Daly's name for the fine work he had done to his former Troop by representing us at the American Boy Scout's headquarters in N.Y.

Our salute, Willie.

Jokes and Sparklets

R. Cox '25

Little Items Which Might Otherwise be Overlooked.

War News. A man taken prisoner by the Russians in the World War has just arrived home in Alsace. He walked all the way from Serbia.

Good-Night. A sealed film which is not to be opened for 5,000 years has been accepted by the famous Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Felix should have stopped walking by that time.

Dead Secret. Can anyone say what sausages are like before they are killed? That's a dead secret.

Home again. Jail is to be turned into flats. Some of the old tenants might like to come back.

On the Level. Prospective Buyer: 'Now, about hill climbing. Honest-

ly on the level is the Chauggabout a good car?'

Salesman: "On the level, sir, it is."

The Miser. "What do you do with your wages? put part in the saving bank, I hope."

"Lorblimey, no! After I pay the butcher, the baker and the others, I pack what is left in *Barrels*, mister."

What a Lad. A Prisoner at Court: "I should not have been the lad I am now if I hadn't been the lad I was when I was a lad."

Old! The latest craze in Vienna is to dance without music. But they have been doing that in America for years!

Quite So. Judge: "What happened to you the last time you were here for assaulting your wife?"

Culprit: "I was put on six months prohibition (probation)."

Mabel: "Most people admire my mouth. Do you?"

Jimmie (absently): "Rather! I think it's immense!"

Teacher: "Use intense in a sentence."

Small Boy: "My brothers went camping intense (in tents)."

Mr. Smith: "Where is Mr. Jones to-day?"

Clerk: "He went out for a rest."

Mr. Smith: "Most likely he went away, being afraid of a rest, (arrest)."

Stern Master: "At your age, boys don't tell lies."

Boy: "Then when do they begin?"

Sightseer: "Are there fine views here?"

Photographer: "No, I took them all."

Teacher: "Why not make our jokes wittier?"

Student: "How about Shakespeare."

Alec.: "Why do we oxidize during the summer holidays?"

John: "Dunno."

Alec.: "Because we get rusty in our studies."

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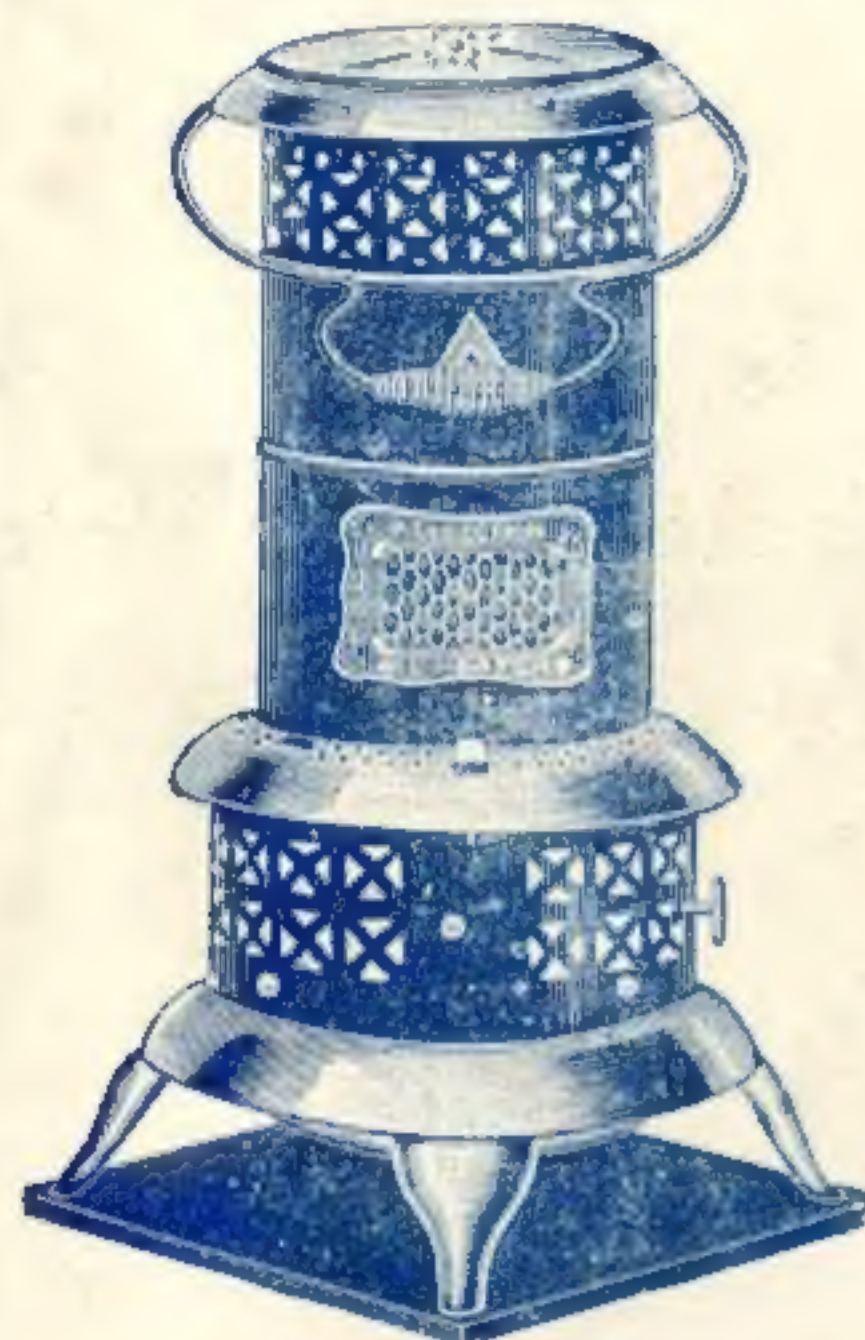
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